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POETRY.

SUNRISE IN THE CITY.

The sunrise over the houses!
The beautiful rose of dawn
Reddening the eastern windows—
The curtains of Night withdrawn!
More lovely than boughs in blossom
The spires and the roof-trees glow.
It is day; and, in God's waking,
Shall the spirit unfold and grow.
On the city, in chivalric splendour,
The blessing of morning falls—
The bride cometh down out of heaven!
The pearl-gates, the jasper walls!
The white light enters the casement
Like the wings of the Holy Dove;
And every house is a flower,
A blossom of peace and love.
The sunrise is fair on the gardens,
The forests and hills afar—
But fairer the trees of manhood
Of the heavenly planting are.
And wide are the green savannas
That under the dawn unroll;
But broader the landscape opens
In the sunrise of a soul!
Oh beautiful is the morning
Across yon populous space!
For the hopes of men are illumined
With the light of the Lord's own face.
Who can guess the power of His coming?
He will banish doubt and despair!—
The light of His spirit will kindle
And stir in the sleepers there.
Behold the Day Star ascending!
See the day of the Lord begin!
The sunrise over the houses,
And the Christ-light shining in!
—Lucy Larcom in Congregationalist.

STORY TELLER.

Sainte-Catherine's Day.

One evening in November, on the eve of Sainte-Catherine's Day, the iron gate of the prison at Auberville rolled back on its hinges and gave passage to a woman of about thirty years of age. She was dressed in a faded woolen gown, and wore on her head a white linen cap, adjusted in strange fashion round her pale features, whose expression betrayed long detention and meagre fare. Her fellow prisoners had nicknamed her the Bretonne, no doubt because she was a native of Brittany. Condemned for the heinous crime of infanticide, she had been brought to the house of detention in a prison van exactly six years ago, and had just been set free having served her time.

After getting back her old clothes and receiving at the greffe or registry the ridiculously small sum of money set aside for her by the prison authorities in return for six long years of unremitting hard labor, she was now at last once more free, with her passport signed for Langres. The coach, however, for this latter purpose, had already left. Timid and awkward, she directed her faltering steps towards the nearest inn, and with a tremulous voice inquired if she could be accommodated for the night. The inn was crowded with customers, and the innkeeper, who little cared to house "birds of that feather," advised her to push on to the wine shop at the other end of the village.

The Bretonne, more awkward and timid than before, went on her way and knocked at the door of the wine-shop a mere pot-house for navies. The publican's wife eyed her mistrustfully from head to foot, and guessing that she had just left the Centrale, sent her off with the excuse that she did not take in lodgers. Not daring to insist, the poor woman turned away with drooping head, while a feeling of anger rose in her heart against those who drove her from their door.

She had only one thing to do and that was to reach Langres on foot. Night, however, set in early towards the close of November, so that darkness soon overtook the wayfarer on the dusky road that extended far away on the lonesome wood, and the north wind blew keen among the swaying trees, scattering large heaps of dead leaves by the way. During the six long years she had spent in solitary confinement, the Bretonne had lost the habit of walking; her joints were as if knotted, and her feet, unused to any but woolen shoes, were cramped in the leather ones she had on.

After getting over a league or so of ground, her heels were sorely blistered, and she felt already tired out. She sank down on a heap of stones, shuddering at the thought that she might have to die of cold and hunger in so dark a night and with such a nipping blast that chilled her to the bone.

Suddenly, along the solitary road, and in the pauses of the cold north wind, she thought she heard the drawing tones of somebody singing in the distance. She listened eagerly, and

was soon convinced that she caught the sound of one of those dear, monotonous snatches of nursery rhymes with which children are nursed for sleep. Rising to her feet, she went in the direction of the voice, and at the turn of a cross-road, beheld a red light glimmering through the branches. Five minutes later, she reached clay-built hovel, the roof of which, covered with elds, leant against a rock, and whose only window gave passage to a flickering ray. With anxious heart, she resolved to knock at the door. As soon as she had done so the singing ceased, and a peasant woman came to the threshold.

She was of about the same age as the Bretonne, but worn and wasted with field labor. Her short gown, which was rent in places, showed her dark, sunburnt skin; her red hair fell in disorder from underneath a little cloth cap, and her gray eyes looked with astonishment at the stranger, whose face had, in fact, something unusual in its pallid expression.

"Good evening," said the peasant woman, raising the lamp she held in her hand, "what do you want?" "I am ready to drop and can go no farther," murmured the Bretonne, with a sigh of deep anguish; "the town is yet far off the night, 'twould be a real blessing. I've money, and would gladly pay you for your trouble."

"Come in," said the peasant, without much hesitation, "but," she added, more out of curiosity than mistrust, "why didn't you stop at Auberville?" "They wouldn't take me in," she answered. And casting down her blue eyes, the Bretonne, as from a sense of duty, added: "Because, you see, I've just left the Centrale, and that doesn't give people confidence."

"Ah! Well, come in all the same. I've little to fear, anyway, never having had anything but misery for my lot. It would be unreasonable to leave a Christian out in such cold weather. I'll make you up a bed with a strewing of heather."

The peasant woman went to a shed and brought in several armfuls of dry heath, which she spread in a corner, near the chimney-place.

"You live alone here?" ventured to ask the Bretonne.

"Yes, with my little girl, who is near upon seven. I earn for both of us by working in the wood."

"Your man is dead, then?"

"I never had one," bluntly rejoined La Fleuriotte, "the poor girl has no father. Well, you know, we all have our troubles. There's your bed now, and here are two or three potatoes, which were left from supper. 'Tis all I have to offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice, which came from behind a plank partition forming kind of a dark closet in one of the corners of the place.

"Good night!" added La Fleuriotte, "I'll be looking at the little one, who's getting scared. Try to sleep well!"

She took the light and sought the adjoining closet, leaving the Bretonne in the dark.

The latter had stretched herself on the sweet heather. After her frugal meal, she tried to close her eyes, but sleep would not come to their tired lids. Through the partition boards, she heard La Fleuriotte chattering in a low voice to her little one who had been awakened by the arrival of the stranger and would not go to sleep again. La Fleuriotte fondled and coaxed and kissed her darling with endearing words, the artless expression of which moved the poor Bretonne in an unwonted manner. It summoned up a confused material instinct still slumbering in the breast of one who had been condemned for stifling her new born babe. She was alive to the fact that "had not things turned out badly" her own little one would now be about as old as that little girl.

A motherly yearning rose in her beating heart. Her feelings, so long chilled by this haunting thought and the sound of that sweet childish voice; a melting softness spread throughout her being, and she had a good mind to give way to tears.

"Now, my darling," said La Fleuriotte, "go to sleep like a good girl, and if you do, I'll take you to-morrow to Sainte-Catherine's Fair."

"Sainte-Catherine is the festival for little girls, isn't it mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Is it true that on that day Sainte-Catherine brings pretty toys to children?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Why, then, doesn't she ever bring some to me, mamma?"

"Because we live so far away, and then again we are too poor."

"Then she only brings toys to the rich, does she? Why? I should like some too."

"Well, some day, if you are a good girl and go to sleep, she may perhaps bring you some also."

"Oh, then I'll go to sleep right off, so she may bring me some to-morrow."

A stillness followed. Then the soft, gentle breathing of both mother and child showed that they had fallen asleep together.

But the Bretonne could not close her eyes. A feeling at once poignant and tender clutched her at the heart, and more than ever before at any time of her life she thought of the defenceless, harmless little creature she had ruthlessly strangled.

This dread, remorseful feeling lasted until the first streak of dawn. At break of day, La Fleuriotte and her child were still fast asleep in each other's arms.

The Bretonne noiselessly crept out of the hovel and making the best of her way back to Auberville, slackened her steps only when she reached the first house of the small place. She slowly walked up the only street in the village, intently gazing at the signboards over each shop.

At last one of these signs arrested her attention. She knocked at the shutters and the door was soon opened. It was one of those little country stores where, besides a variety of haberdashery wares, cheap second hand toys may be bought; cardboard dolls, Noah's arks and bannabams. The amazement of the woman who kept the store was unbounded when she saw Bretonne buy up and pay for the whole stock.

The Bretonne was proceeding with a joyful heart on her way back to the hovel, when a heavy-gloved hand fell upon her shoulder. She started, and, on turning round, shuddered to find herself face to face with a corporal of gendarmes.

The wretched woman had forgotten that all liberated convicts were forbidden to remain in the precincts of the Central House of Detention.

"Instead of vagabondizing around here you ought to have already reached Langres," said the military man in a gruff voice. "Come, be off!"

She wanted to explain, but it was of no use. A cart was put into requisition; she had to get up into it, and away went the horses, under escort of one of the gendarmes.

The cart jolted mercilessly along the frozen road. The poor Bretonne, with a half-broken heart, clutched her little handful of playthings in her benumbed fingers. Soon, at a turn in the road, she discovered the path which entered the wood.

Her heart leapt, and she besought the gendarme to stop for a minute. She had a commission, she said, for La Fleuriotte, a woman who lived there close by.

She besought with such an earnestness of manner and feeling, that the gendarme, who, after all, was a good-natured fellow, allowed himself to be swayed by her entreaties.

The cart was stopped, the horse was tied to a tree, the gendarme and his prisoner got down, and they went up the path that led to the hovel in the wood.

La Fleuriotte was busy chopping wood in front of her door. When she looked up and caught sight of the woman whom she had housed on the previous evening in the hands of the gendarme, she stood with her mouth wide open like one petrified.

"Hush!" ejaculated the Bretonne, as she put her fingers to her lips. "Is the little one still asleep?"

"Yes; but—"

"Carry these toys softly to her bedside, and tell her that Sainte-Catherine sent them to her. I went back to Auberville to fetch them, but it seems I had no right to do so, and I am being taken on to Langres."

"Holy mother of God!" exclaimed La Fleuriotte.

"Hush!"

They all drew near the bed where the child lay.

The Bretonne took the cardboard dolls, Noah's arks and bannabams, scattered them gently over the coverlet, kissed the thin, naked arm of the yet slumbering child, and then, turning towards the gendarme, who quickly brushed a tear from his eye, quietly said:

"Now we can go on our way."

—Andre Theubiet in Sunday Courier.

ACROSS SIBERIA.

SLEDGE TRAVELING OVER NORTHERN ASIA'S SNOW AND ICE.

There shaggy, ungroomed horses appeared in sight. Astride the first sat a yemstchik bearing before him a huge douga—the wooden arch which forms so conspicuous a portion of the harness of every draft horse in Russia, from the Baltic to the Pacific. Brilliant with blue and red and green paint, it presented—when fastened to the shafts above the head of the central horse of our troika—a striking contrast to the dingy vehicle which for the next nine weeks was to be our home—a large, deep, roughly built sledge, open in front, but covered in at the back with a canvas hood lined with thick felt.

The yemstchik's seat consisted of a flat board, apparently designed by a coach builder ignorant of the fact that a sledge driver is, like other human beings, gifted with a pair of legs. From this board sloped downward and outward, till their points nearly touched the ground on either side of the sledge, a pair of stout ash poles, designed partially to prevent the vehicle from overturning, and partially like the scythes of an ancient British war-chariot, as weapons of defense and attack. Into the bottom of this sledge our formidable array of baggage, including a goodly supply of canned and frozen provisions, was quickly packed; and over the whole was spread a thick, folding mattress of raw cotton, which was to serve as a cushion by day and a bed by night.

We were well provided with armor to repel the attacks of frost. With legs incased in dog-skin socks, goat's hair stockings and thick felt boots reaching to above the knees, with double doerskin kukliankas—an excellent hooded garment of Kamchatka manufacture, similar in appearance to the Esquimaux dress—with long, black shubas or coats of sheepskin, with fur caps covering the ears, and gloves made like those of our infancy, having one receptacle for the thumb and one for the four fingers jointly, with a stout, felt lined rug or sheepskin, and an apron of felt attached to the front of the sledge, we were convinced that the cold need have but little terror for us.

The packing of a Siberia sledge is a science which cannot be mastered in a single lesson; but after some difficulty all was arranged for a fairly comfortable start, and, waving farewells to the friends, who had collected to witness the setting out of our expedition, we went away at a gallop on the first of the four hundred odd stages which were before us. The effects of the recent poussa soon became painfully apparent. The slopes of the hills at the back of the port were entirely denuded of snow, and it was with difficulty that the horses could drag the heavy laden sledge up the steep inclines. Then in the valleys deep snowdrifts gave scarcely less trouble. But in a little while the road improved, the sun shone out brightly, and the weather was so mild that a single sheepskin coat was more than sufficient for warmth. The exhilarating sensation of gliding over a snow road, with three fresh, high spirited horses galloping before us, raised our spirits, and a sledge journey through Asia bore the aspect of a pleasant holiday excursion. As soon as we were clear of the town, the yemstchik descended from his perch and loosened the clappers of two large bells suspended in the douga, and we had our first taste of the music which was to accompany us from the Pacific to the Urals. The sledge bells of Siberia are not the tinkling silver bells of Poe's fancy. They are often as large as an ordinary English dinner bell. They vary in number from one up to five or six, and are not always tuned to harmony. At first the ceaseless clanging is by no means agreeable, but after a time the ear becomes accustomed to it, and when, on one or two occasions, while traveling with private horses, no bells were supplied to us, we felt that something was wanting to the due enjoyment of sledging.

After a two hours' journey over hills and through woods, with frequent pleasant glimpses of the sea and the surrounding islands, we arrived at the first post station. Here we had a substantial foretaste of the many trials of patience in store for us. Only four troikas, or teams of three horses, were kept at this station for government posting purposes, and we were therefore more grieved than surprised to learn that we had fourteen hours to wait before proceeding

on our journey. The delay, however, afforded us an opportunity of studying more closely the science of sledge packing, and having ordered the "eternal samovar"—the handy tea urn which is every Russian's almost inseparable companion—we made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances permitted. At 1 o'clock in the morning—a little before the fourteen hours expired—the grateful sound of harnessing horses struck up on our ears; and a few minutes later three sledges, our own, with four horses attached, bringing up the rear, were toiling up a steep hill in the midst of the black night. It requires a certain amount of practice to sleep in a sledge on a rough, billy road, with the knowledge that every two or three hours, or less, one must alight at a station, ascertain and pay the fare for the next stage, select and present to the yemstchik a pourboire in accordance with his deserts, see fresh horses harnessed, and repack oneself in the vehicle; and for the first night certainly the novelty of our situation drove all thoughts of sleep from our heads.

Soon we found ourselves sledging, though but for a short distance, on the frozen sea. It was a curious sensation to be for the first time on a heavy sledge over deep water; and it was difficult to prevent the mind from speculating on the probable results of a crash through the ice. The three sledges, however, made the passage in safety, and soon afterward drew up at the lonely post station of Tigrova, so called because it is in the midst of a favorite haunt of the large tigers which infest the eastern coast Asiatic Russia. These animals are not infrequently met by travelers on the post roads of the maritime province; but having a plentiful supply of deer's meat always within reach, they rarely attack men unless they are themselves attacked first.

The sheltering hills of Viadostock were now left far behind, and the difference in temperature became very perceptible. The thermometer fell for the first time below zero. The interior of our sledge hood became white with hoar frost, and every jolt brought down on our heads a miniature snowfall; two long icicles suspended themselves from my companion's mustache, and effected a junction with the collar of his shuba, while the long hair of the horses became covered with frozen perspiration. No difficulty was now experienced in obtaining horses, and, waiting just long enough at each station to exchange our tired beasts for fresh ones, and twice to snatch hasty meals, we pushed on for the Khanka lake. Through a pretty country, constantly ascending and descending steep hills, we glided along, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, the speed varying in direct proportion to the energy of the yemstchik and the strength of his lungs.—London Standard.

Ten Things a Baby Can Do.

It can beat any alarm clock ever invented waking a family up in the morning.

Give it a fair show and it will smash more dishes than the most industrious servants in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that was ever executed.

It can keep a family in constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother admit it, and you had better not try it.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they know they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

Mr. Greeley's Sense of Humor.

Mr. Greeley's sense of humor was of a peculiar sort, but it was allied to genius. So many anecdotes have been told of him in illustration of this, that one can hardly expect to produce any now that some one has not repeated. Those who tried to joke with him to his disadvantage were generally worsted, whether they did it orally or through the press. One evening an associate editor of the *Tribune* accosted him as he came into his desk with some such question as this:

"Didn't you know, Mr. Greeley, that you made a dreadful blunder in one of your statistical editorials this morning?"

"No; how was it?" said Mr. Greeley.

"Why, you said something about 'Heidsieck and champagne.' Don't you know Heidsieck is champagne?"

"Well," said Mr. Greeley quietly, "I am the only editor on this paper that could make that mistake."

On another occasion a person who wished to have a little fun at the expense of his consistency, said in a group where Mr. Greeley was standing:

"Mr. Greeley and I, gentlemen, are old friends. We have drank a good deal of brandy and water together."

"Yes," said Mr. Greeley, "that is true enough. You drank the brandy, and I drank the water."

Tobacco was his especial dislike; and, a friend of mine knowing this well, while handing around a box of cigars to a few who were present with Mr. Greeley, took especial pains to hand him the box with great ostentation.

"No," said Mr. Greeley, "I thank you I haven't got so low down as that yet. I only drink and swear."

I must say, however, in contradiction of a charge that must have been much exaggerated and purposely distorted (for it was a favorite imputation against him with many), that I, at least, never heard him use expletives that could not be repeated in a refined circle. He had as justifiable occasions, though, for obnoxious epithets as any one I ever knew; and, if he had not sometimes spoken vehemently he would have been truly angelic. His handwriting, in spite of all that was said of it, was not the worst in the world; but it was very nearly the homeliest. It was fairly appalling to look at. But it did have a somewhat uniform alphabet. Almost all the words, like a certain one in Rufus Choate's penmanship, looked like "gridirons struck by lightning." But when you once discovered the key to this chirography, it was not so very hard to read. The stories about it, though, are more numerous than the fables of *Æsop*.—Joel Benton, in the *July Cosmopolitan*.

Modes of Travel in Persia.

There are two modes of travel in Persia, caravan and chappah. The former is slow at the pace which loaded mules can follow, say twenty-five miles a day. To travel in caravan means not to go with a large company, but in this leisurely manner. Hence, our word caravan, because large trains in the east must necessarily travel in caravan style. Chappah traveling, on the other hand, means rapid going, at an average of eighty to 150 miles per diem. This can only be done by riding at a steady gallop—horses rarely trot in the east—and changing horses at short intervals.

The post carriers invariably travel chappah. The method of measuring distances in Persia is by farsakhs, a farsakh representing four miles. Post stations are placed four farsakhs, or sixteen miles apart, and more rarely five farsakhs. Fresh relays of horses are kept in readiness at these stations. The post carriers, accompanied by a single attendant, both heavily armed and wielding a fierce whip of hide, carry the mail in saddle bags. On arriving at a station they dismount, take a hasty cup of tea which is in readiness, and a few pulls at the kalian or water pipe; then the horses are led out and the postman starts for another sixteen mile gallop over the mountain and plain, through forest and wastes. These postmen so far as I could learn, very faithful and courageous, as they must need be, for they are sometimes attacked and killed, especially when it has leaked out that they are carrying money. Thus they go through Persia, and through life, on horseback. In summer they have to rest during the heat

of the day, but summer and winter they gallop all night, and practically have no rest until the end of the journey. The post rider from Tehran to Bushire goes nearly seven hundred miles before he can take a solid sleep.—S. G. W. Benjamin.

Albany Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—From what accounts we have seen in the New York morning papers, we can form a very small idea as to the immense enjoyment the silent people of New York and suburbs had at the Gallaudet Home, and we must congratulate the Committee, who pushed the project to such a brilliant success. Indeed, never in the history of New York City mute societies has such a grand affair passed off, probably with the exception of the Gallaudet Club ball two years ago, as did that excursion on Tuesday last. However, there was a pall on the hopes of all the mutes of Albany, who had intended, and made all preparations to go down on that memorable occasion.

In writing this, we do it with the understanding that it is for the voice of the mute residents of Albany and vicinity, to explain the causes that prevented their enjoying the day among dear old friends and classmates.

In several of our former letters, we have made reference to the progress that was going forth in the disposal of tickets. On the day set forth for the event, quite a large congregation of mutes assembled at the wharf, where the Troy mutes said we would be expected to be found to go aboard. In reality, the fore part of the morning was cloudy, and a slight rain fell. However, this did not seem to dampen their ardor, when the time came, the boat did not appear. We waited fully three hours, when one young man who had his wits about him, sent up a telegram to inquire the cause of the delay, the response was not a satisfactory one, so a telephone message was sent. The message that came back was that it was postponed till the 12th of next month.

You never saw such a stampede as the one that occurred when this news was received. We are sure you would say it was something like a panic in a stock exchange, when speculations were breaking on all sides. All went home disappointed, but determined to let your readers know that it was no fault of the Albanians, but wholly of the Trojans. From what we have gleaned, we find that all the members of the said society were determined to go, excepting her manager, who thought himself wise enough to postpone it on a pretence of his being sick. There are other things which we could say, but not wishing to go so far as to talk improper, we will drop it here, with the wish that the Trojans will never undertake such a responsible entertainment with such a reckless manager. Furthermore, we are requested to write this for the sake of Albanians, that the New Yorkers may know why we were prevented.

More Anon. ALBANY.

Iowagraphs.

Deaf-mutes in Iowa have been invited to attend a convention of the Hawkeye Association of Deaf-Mutes, at Des Moines, during the State Fair. It is hoped that they will have a grand time.

Miss Chella Ninde, one of the teachers of the Oskaloosa, Englewood, Ill., left Oskaloosa, Iowa, for a trip to Australia and China. She will be absent for at least two years. Miss Ninde is a very pleasant lady, and a very efficient teacher.

Prof. C. Blatter stopped at Oskaloosa for a few days' visit with his relatives. He is one of the best educators of the deaf, and is a very interesting gentleman. He is teaching at the Texas Institution for the Deaf.

On Saturday night, July 23d, a great crowd on the street attracted the writer's attention, and he went there with a deaf-mute, and beheld a large tent crowded with people, and learned that some of them were there to have deafness cured and teeth extracted. A dozen of men gave music, and then an Indian doctor with two "painted" men appeared on the stage. He delivered a powerful, eloquent oration on his medical business, claiming that he could cure deafness perfectly. He received hundreds of patients for treatment, and went away, feeling rich as ever. Such quacks run over all the country, and are perhaps worse than beggars.

OSKALOOSA.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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ANY deaf-mute who reads in this issue the vast amount of missionary work done by Rev. A. W. Mann, in his territory, which comprises several thousand square miles, should not be deaf to his request for funds to aid in the prosecution of his good work. One duty which the deaf seem to carry all too lightly or to altogether ignore, is that of supporting and encouraging the work of the men who give their lives for the spiritual welfare of those who can not hear the word of God as preached by other ministers. There should be some effort made in our institutions to inculcate the spirit of Christian giving. Some deaf-mutes are as well able to give as their hearing brethren, while all can add their mite to promote a work which is above all else most important to their well-being both here and hereafter. We do not urge any one to give in opposition to his or her conscience. But if all will conscientiously consider the rights of the ministers who go about doing good, we are sure the donations from deaf-mutes for religious purposes will be vastly augmented. Let each be true to his or her creed, and missionaries to the deaf will never find it necessary to make an appeal.

It is a matter of much regret that the good name of deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity should be compromised by the disgraceful actions of a handful of rowdies at the termination of the recent Excursion to the Gallaudet Home. The free fight which caused so much consternation at the landing on East 23d Street, seems to have been planned beforehand. The instigators have escaped punishment for the time being, but they will yet rue the day when beer and brutality led them to such excesses. At the Brooklyn picnic, a similar affray might have occurred had it not been for the promptness of the Committee, who seized and ousted the offending party before his plan had been put into execution. The last named entertainment was not so largely patronized as was expected, and we believe the excursion fracas had much to do in bringing about this result.

A GREAT deal of effort is being made to have an institution for deaf-mutes established at New Orleans, La. The present institution at Baton Rouge does not seem to meet the requirements of the deaf to the extent necessary for successful education. We do not know the reason for this, but we are positive there is a split in public opinion concerning its efficiency. New Orleans, the metropolis of the south, with its quarter of a million inhabitants, surely should exercise great weight and demonstrate a keen interest in a class to whom education is everything and without which they would surely be lifelong burdens to the taxpayers of the state. The idea which is gaining favor is to have an institution established in connection with Tulane University. But, in this scheme, there is a counteracting influence, by reason of a wrong impression concerning the methods of teaching. A few persons of influence have fallen into the too common error that the "pure oral" method is adapted to the needs of all the deaf. It would seem to an unprejudiced mind that the proof of the best method is the number of experienced teachers who favor it. In this country, where deaf-mutes are educated up to a higher standard than in any other, the "combined system" is almost universally adopted. For that reason, and also on account of the resolutions which representative teachers and advocates of both the

"sign" and the "pure oral" methods have adopted in conventions, the best plan for any new undertaking is the one which experience has shown to be superior. In other words, it is always wise to make use of every proven expedient and not to reject any. The "pure oral" system has been shown valuable in selected cases, and its value should not be ignored, but the "combined" system, which finds a remedy for all cases, is the one which deserves the greatest consideration and possesses the highest value. By this system the intellect is cultivated from the outset, and if there is a ability to speak or read the lips, that polish to the general education assumes an important part of the scholastic training.

ITEMIZER.

W. A. Winslow, of Rockford, Ill., has just purchased a dwelling for \$950.

Miss Victoria S. Baker, of Chelsea, is visiting her friends in West Hanover, Mass.

Mr. Albert Kohnmetz, of St. Louis, Mo., will move to New York City with his parents in a few days to reside permanently.

Eddie Dowman, of Union City, Pa., contemplates going to French Creek, N. Y., on a visit to his deaf-mute friends of that place.

Prof. Weeks and wife, Hartford, Ct., Miss Allen, Washington, D.C., Mrs. and the Misses Avery, Hightstown, N. J., are at Ocean Grove.

The hothouse on the Koffman farm near Walden, N. Y., is being enlarged, on account of the increasing demand for flowers by Orange County people.

Ronald Douglas, the deaf-mute photographer, says he will be present at the convention in Syracuse, and will be glad to take the members in a group.

Mrs. Goss, who came to this city from St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, is now living with her cousin. She contemplates going home again in September.

Miss Annie Aust'n is the guest of Miss Jennie Richter at Brighton (and not at West Brighton), who is the sister of Mrs. Stair, wife of the manager of the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn.

John J. Ramse, of Ramsey's, N. J., manufacturer of ornamental brackets, picture frames, plain and carved brackets, etc., attended the New Jersey picnic and the Gallaudet Home excursion.

Eddie Dowman celebrated the Fourth of July at Titusville, Pa., where he had a grand time with several deaf-mutes of that place. Eddie makes his living by caning chairs for the people where he lives.

At a big fire in Connecticut, a deaf-mute, named Crossman, slept in one of the rooms of a burning building in blissful ignorance of his danger. He knew nothing about it until the flames were extinguished.

Mr. Robert and Henry Heller and wife, Frank T. Penrose, and many other people of Hingham, are going to Coney Island on August 20th. Robert Heller would like some of the local deaf-mutes to meet him while there.

Mrs. Phoebe Barnes, a deaf-mute lady, of French Creek, N. Y., returned home after a short visit to her sister in Corry, Pa. She has a deaf-mute daughter named Rosa, who attends the deaf-mute school at Rochester, N. Y.

The Kingston Freeman says: "The best ball catcher in this city is said to be a deaf and dumb young man, who lives in Ponchookide. He caught for the Butchers in their game with the Grocers Club. He is learning the printer's trade."

Mr. Newell and wife, of Middletown, N. Y., have gone to the sea-shore. They will first take in the gayeties of Newport, then North Dumbarton, N. H., and Bar Harbor, Me., where they will be joined by Mr. Haight and family, of the same place. They are to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. McClurg, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are stopping at the Hotel Brighton, Atlantic City. They will remain there a few weeks, and will then stay a short time in Philadelphia. Misses Georgia and Helen are in Pittsburgh, taking care of the parental mansion.

On Friday afternoon last, Mr. William McVea undertook to accomplish the feat of swimming from the 72d St., N. R., to Fort Lee, a distance of seven miles, and succeeded doing the distance in two hours and forty minutes. Of course, he followed a boat the entire distance, which was rowed by ex-freeman Cotter and baseballist Koffer. Stephen Sinclair piloted the boat.

Miss Alice M. Hatch, who is summering at the charming place of Larchmont, N. Y., had a hair-breadth escape from drowning while in bathing last week. She was walking on some rocks, when all of a sudden she slipped and fell helpless in the water. Her screams attracted the attention of a young man, who swam to her aid and saved her as she was about to sink the third time. Miss Hatch left, last Saturday, for Long Branch for a stay of two weeks.

Dundon's, the pitcher of the Stars, mutes friends made him a nice surprise party for his birthday at Mr. Nye Brown's new home two weeks ago, and also he was presented with a beautiful diamond scarf pin by his mute friends at the Candor House. The pin is in the shape of a star of five rays emblematic of the Star Club, and of the center is a handsome diamond. The people of Columbia, O., can see that Dundon is popular with his friends in Syracuse.

Messrs. Charles H. Angle, a brother-in-law of Agent Bradley, of the Santa Fe, and H. L. Johnson, Jr., two well fixed young men from Topeka and Kansas City, were in the The Merry World office yesterday. They were an exceedingly jolly crowd, and being well dressed, and not at all bashful, they attracted a good deal of attention. Their visit to Colorado is of a social nature principally. They leave this morning for Manitou Springs to enjoy a short season of relaxation. Come again, gentlemen.—Merry World, Pueblo, Col.

Mr. Joseph Stanley, who came from England to this country about fifty years ago, deaf and dumb without a penny, worked at graining wood, made some money and went to Scotland and brought out a wife. He has a large family, all intelligent. One is principal in No. 2 School, Hoboken female department, the other a successful grocer's wife in Orange, a third wife of a relative of Stevens family, lives in Hoboken. He is well fixed as to finance. Mr. Stanley is now quite feeble, but lives quietly at home—a home which he may well be proud of. Does any JOURNAL reader know him?

The Blind and Deaf in China.

(Letter to the Hartford Times.)

Meeting one evening last winter I spoke of the demands for teachers of the deaf and of the blind in China. I believe you remembered to publish the plea then promised; and another is needed. I am hoping now to return to China, and am happy to find a man who will undertake the work of answering inquiries and securing the outfit and passage of young men ready to go as teachers. If such are of suitable age and qualification correspond with him, he will endeavor to meet them at his home in Brooklyn, or through correspondence learn of their fitness for the work and introduce those who give promise of usefulness to men of means, to send them at their own risk.

The fare to Hong Kong from New York is by the Canada Pacific route \$135 and the time about one month. In China, at the open ports are many Europeans and Chinese who would aid in every way those who come to them upon such humanitarian missions.

There has been a movement already begun at four great cities of China for the instruction of the blind, and in two other cities the deaf have found friends from this country and England to begin schools for them.

The institutions for the blind and the deaf in the United States certainly must have among their teachers or graduates those who could leave their friends and go abroad with the hope of great success in learning the Chinese language and adapting American methods to the instructing of the "deprived" classes in that land.

If the Times will make this appeal and give the address of Mr. Charles Parker, 202 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., (who has energetically undertaken this cause), it is hoped that there will be a response on the part of some eligible for the positions.

Yours truly,
J. CROSBY,
62 Van Heydon Avenue, Jersey City.
NEW HAVEN, July 22, 1887.

A Honorable Record.

Mr. James Watson, a member of the teaching staff of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, has resigned his position in that establishment to take charge of an institution for the education of defective children in Vancouver, Washington Territory. Mr. Watson, though still in the prime of life, has a long and honorable record as a teacher of deaf-mutes. After spending two years at Public school teaching he joined the late Prof. McGann, the pioneer of deaf-mute training in Ontario, and he has spent twenty-three years continuously in this kind of work, the greater part of the time in the Government institution at Belleville. One daughter of Mr. McGann became the wife of Mr. Watson, and there are other three engaged in the work of deaf-mute instruction—one with McKay Institute for Protestant deaf-mutes, one in the Deaf and Dumb Institute of the State of Mississippi, and one in the Institute at Belleville. Mr. Watson's son, who was trained at home, is now a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute of Minnesota. Mr. Watson and his family have been deservedly popular in Belleville, and on their departure will be followed by the best wishes of all classes of citizens, as well as of many teachers of all kinds throughout the Province, to whom he was well known as a faithful and successful laborer in one of the most difficult departments of the work entrusted to their profession.—Toronto Globe, July 23, 1887.

A Man Who Faints for a Living.

A man by the name of George Williamson, claiming to have just left the mute asylum at Washington City, D. C., has been a subject of charity upon the people of Alamosa from Sunday morning to Tuesday morning. He is subject to fits, and had very severe ones while here. He is entirely destitute. He claims to belong to the G. A. R. but failed to give an evidence as such. He also claims that he gets a pension of \$16 per month, that he started from Washington with \$48 in his pocket, but has no papers to show that he is anything he represents himself to be. He claims to have been shot in the head, and he never fails to show a mince ball that he says went through his head. That ball don't look as though it had ever struck anything unless a sand bank; it being only slightly scratched. He has shown several scars claiming that they were gotten in battles, and also several tales about himself which do not link together. We would judge him to be about 30 years of age. He says he has a mother and several sisters living in Durango, where he is trying to get to. A subscription was started and the requisite amount was collected to take him to his destination. While he is a subject of charity and is certainly unable to take care of himself, it is a query with a great many why the authorities at Washington would start a man out without the necessary papers to protect him in his travels. He acts more like a professional beggar than a man just out of the hospital. It is to be hoped that the unfortunate man will find his relations, and that he can have the proper care he stands so much in need of. Later—This professional went to Del Norte instead of Durango. Marshal Simons notified the authorities at that place to look out for him, as he was a fraud. He returned Wednesday evening, and went on East again. He wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to a citizen at this place just as the train was pulling out, that he had "done Alamosa and Del Norte up for \$20.75." He pretends to be both deaf and dumb. The public will do well to look out for him. He plays his tricks fine.—Alamosa, Col., Sentinel, July 16.

The Western Deaf-Mute Mission.

The twelfth year of the above Mission closed July 1st. Following is a summary of the annual report of Rev. A. W. Mann: Services, 172; Baptisms, 64; Confirmations, 41; Marriages, 3; Number of parishes in which services were held, 63.

From last year's report: Services, 168; Baptisms, 38; Confirmations, 33; Marriages, 3.

Summary for twelve years: Services, 1,711; Baptisms, 397; Number of communicants, 317; Marriages, 41; number of parishes in which services have been held, 237.

"THE MURDER OF A MIND."

HOW A MIND WAS MURDERED FOR A SCOUNDREL'S GAIN—A CASE THAT BAFLED COURTS AND LEARNED MEN.

In a recent issue of the Journal of Education, Superintendent of Schools A. P. Marble of this city furnishes an article under the title of "The Murder of a Mind," which recalls all the mystery and strange associations in the case of Caspar Hauser, the man who fifty years ago was the puzzle of all Europe.

Dr. Marble's story deals with a case under his own observation, which he alleges occurred in Massachusetts within a few years. In the details of the case there is described the murder of a mind, unlike in many respects that of Hauser, but none the less atrocious. The victim appeared for a short time, was studied, like Caspar Hauser, to no end, and the perpetrators eluded all attempts at discovery.

The victim, too, disappeared and left no clue as to who were his persecutors; the object of their scheme, however, was apparent. Beyond a doubt there was but one motive, that of preying upon the benevolence, making deaf-mutes the victims and instruments of fraud.

It seems that late in the fall of 1884, Dr. Marble received a slip from a Pittsfield paper, describing one George Morrison, who had gone about the town, bearing a letter with his (Dr. Marble's) name attached, commending him to the charitable. He was deaf and dumb, and claimed that he was raising funds with which to educate himself. Dr. Marble had no recollection of writing such a letter, but at the time paid no attention to the matter.

Again in the spring of 1885, Dr. Marble heard of this same Morrison through Mr. Flint Palmer, who wrote asking whether he had furnished the letter of commendation. He could not remember having written any such letter, though in the pressure of business such might have been possible. He made answer to Mr. Flint to this effect:

Soon Mr. Palmer, a sheriff of Hampden county, call on Dr. Marble and told him the circumstances. Morrison had called on Mr. Flint, and presenting a letter bearing Dr. Marble's signature he

HAD RECEIVED LIBERAL AID; further, Mr. Flint gave him a letter to a number of his friends.

Armed with this the boy visited North Adams, Pittsfield, and other towns and returned to Mr. Flint saying he only lacked \$3.75 of the \$500 necessary to send him to school. Mr. Flint gave him the remainder, but was much surprised within a few weeks to hear of the boy in Connecticut, still soliciting aid and for the same avowed purpose. He began to grow suspicious and caused the boy's arrest, he being brought to Palmer.

Dr. Marble was present at the preliminary trial, not without misgivings as to the treachery of his memory.

When the lad was produced he was found to be about 16 or 17 years of age, pale of countenance, but by no means full of anxiety. He was dressed in common clothes, checked shirt, without collar or cravat. He evinced no surprise, intelligence or anxiety. He looked upon those about him as a chimpanzee might upon the crowds at the menagerie. When his gaze rested on Dr. Marble he showed no sign of recognition. Could it be possible Dr. Marble had forgotten both the meeting with him and his face likewise?

The case was called; the charge, obtaining money under false pretence; the prisoner pleaded not guilty. Some one communicated the proceedings to him in writing and guarded his rights. The witnesses bore their testimony, and Mr. Flint produced the scraps of paper on which were his conversation with Morrison.

When Dr. Marble was called, the prisoner seemed not to know his name, or ever to have seen him. The letter was produced, and it was found not to be in the handwriting of Dr. Marble, nor was the signature genuine. This vindicated Dr. Marble's memory, but his interest was excited.

It appeared that Morrison had attended school at Worcester, had been in the institute at Northampton, and again in the asylum at Portland, Me. It was shown that he had at times sums of money reaching into the thousands, but when arrested he had only \$3 or \$4 and a bunch of keys to five Yale locks. Whence he came

NO TRACE COULD BE FOUND.

The schools which he claimed to have attended knew nothing of him. There he was with \$3 in his possession, the keys and nothing more. Where did the keys belong? What had become of the money he had collected? All was a profound mystery. The boy would answer with great promptness any question about the schools he attended, and when he made an inconsistent statement he quickly framed an explanation. He was cunning and as cool as if he were used to addressing courts.

Finally he was told he would be sent to jail unless he told the truth. He said: "I tell the truth; I have not cheated."

Dr. Marble asked him who were his friends. He said: "Let them find out, they are so smart." At last he said he had an uncle in Hyacinth, P. Q. This led Dr. Marble to think he could speak French and so asked him. He replied: "Non, je ne parle pas, mais je, l'ecris." (No, I do not speak it, but I write it.) He knew something of two languages, he knew of several schools, he

was quick-witted, he had much money at times, and the story about being robbed was inconsistent. About the letter over Dr. Marble's name, he said it had been given him by some one at the Waverly house in this city.

The lad was committed to await the action of the grand jury, and lay in jail in Springfield during the summer and until late in the fall. It was found he had been at one of the hotels under four different names, had played at billiards and went about soliciting money, always inquiring when he came back whether any one, particularly the police, had been looking for him.

On hearing of the boy, Mr. Snell said he knew of a similar case occurring in Trenton, N. J. Morrison, however, did not correspond with the man Mr. Snell had seen.

Again, a similar incident, a deaf and dumb boy soliciting money in order to attend school was heard of in New York state, but he could not be identified as Morrison.

THE ONLY OTHER INCIDENT

during the summer that bears upon the subject was that a stranger stepped from a train at Springfield and inquired for Morrison. This was the guilty party whom Morrison's imprisonment was to bring to light.

Finding Morrison was in jail, he boarded the train and was never seen again. The person whom he addressed did not know the importance of causing his arrest. While in jail Morrison had been surprised once or twice in to uttering sounds, which led the keepers to believe that he could hear and speak. In the main, however, he was as a deaf and dumb person. He neither wrote nor received any letters nor were any inquiries made for him, save in one instance. He was cheerful and contented and took his confinement of six months with a display of indifference and unconcern.

He was brought to trial in November, and watched the proceedings as one would a play upon the stage. He was depressed only when he saw the prisoners, who were sentenced, removed, and he was left alone.

A Miss Barton, whom he claimed to know, principal of the Portland school, came to the trial. She pronounced him a deaf mute, and showed great sympathy in his case. She sought to find out his antecedents, without success.

The district attorney had sufficient evidence to show that he was the tool of some man or men who used him for their gain. Mr. Flint had died since the preliminary trial, and the forged letter could not be found among his effects. The copy that Dr. Marble had made of the letter was

RULED OUT AS EVIDENCE,

and as no other evidence could be procured the prisoner was set at liberty. He left the court-room, and no one interested in the case has heard of him since.

Beyond a doubt this mute and the others were working under the direction of the man who made the inquiries at Springfield, and, too, there is little doubt that they are working the same game in another part of the country.

It is impossible that a boy could conceal his identity so absolutely unless he was trained to it. He had been taught in Canada, for he could use neither the sign-language nor his voice, after the manner of the New England trained pupils. At that age, too, special training was necessary to acquire two languages.

The last doubt as to his being a tool of some conspiracy is removed by his own confession that he could tell who were his masters were he convicted of fraud. This had been his lesson, to keep silent until convicted, and perhaps he had further means to cover the principals so that they might not suffer the punishment they deserved.

This certainly is a strange case of a mind turned into an infamous channel—of impulses strangled that the man might become the instrument of fraud and deceit. A certain portion of his intelligence had been cultivated—his mind as a whole was a wreck. Of truth and honesty he knew nothing. He had no idea that he was defrauding, as Dr. Marble says. His conduct had no moral quality—the mind had been murdered; and this murder of mind is no better than the crime against Caspar Hauser.—Worcester Telegram, July 2, 1887.

He Will Profit by the Suggestion.

New York, July 29, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am glad to acknowledge the suggestion made to me by "E. B." to let me set to work and mould in plaster a bust of Harvey P. Peet, the beloved father of Principal Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., of the New York Institution. I intend to make a bust some time in the Fall. I have a photograph of the late Harvey P. Peet in my desk, but I should know how much the Fund Committee could spend for a bronze bust and pedestal. If there is \$2000 or \$3000 in the fund, I will think over what would be the best design, which should be modelled according to the price.

Yours as ever,
J. F. J. TRESCU,
Staff Artist N. Y. World and Star.

Miss Gertrude A. Kirby, for many years matron of this Institution, died yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, at her residence in Haddonfield, N. J. Although Miss Kirby had been a sufferer for a long time, and her death expected at any moment, the information that she has at last passed away will bring sorrow to many hearts. She was well and widely known in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.—Silent World.

BROOKLYN.

The Natives have a Picnic.

A VERY PLEASANT EVENT.

Knickerbockers

For the fourth time the Brooklyn Society has brought to a successful issue its annual picnic, and on the afternoon and evening of last Saturday, July 30th, they entertained in Knickerbocker Park, Brooklyn, some three hundred deaf-mutes and hearing friends and acquaintances, the number of each being about equally divided.

In the early afternoon, as is usual with a picnic, the attendance was made up of the members and their immediate friends, and it can be said they were favored with a neat, delightful afternoon. Towards six o'clock the number was largely increased, and after the lights had been turned on in the dancing pavilion, the second part of the programme, which consisted of twelve dances, was opened by a "Re-entree to our Guests," led by Floor Manager Charles Berdax and lady, who were followed through the intricacies of the promenade by some seventy-five couples.

From then on to midnight, the floor was alive with waltzing couples, who appeared to enjoy the lively tunes, discoursed from the instruments of Prof. Bauer and his assistants of the 32d Regiment Band.

The music was all that could be desired; the grounds and pavilion likewise. Over the grounds were to be had every variety of entertainment that is met with at a picnic resort. There was a shooting gallery, swings, cane rack, with rings at a cent apiece, the person who succeeded in throwing a ring over a cane, receiving the cane, thus encircled for his ability; and many other amusing diversities.

There were plenty of quiet places, where couples not wishing to dance could pass their time in silent and sweet discourse. But on this special evening it seemed Brooklyn, and Knickerbocker Park more than any other part of the city, was infested by a large army of mosquitoes. They bit for all they were worth, and the hands of those they attacked, were as busy slapping their faces as they were in conversing.

Of the dancing arrangements, it might have done for a hearing assemblage but for a deaf-mute gathering, the round dances on the programme were altogether too numerous. From experience, it is easily discernible that deaf-mutes are more familiar with the Lancers than any other dance, and for that reason enjoy it the most. In other respects everything went along smoothly, with the exception one of the men, who, becoming too noisy, was immediately hustled from the park.

The Floor Manager, Mr. Berdax, did his best in endeavoring to keep the dancing couples going, and was ably seconded by his assistant, Mr. Charles Green.

The Floor Committee was chairmaned by George L. Reynolds, consisting of Messrs. Henry Stengle, Alex. Dezendorf, S. Werner, Boss McConville and John A. Lounsbury.

Jake Swartz headed the Reception Committee, who were Thos. Godfrey, S. B. Smith, Alex. Bataelley, Simon Nibier and W. A. Bond. Each did his best in entertaining the guests, and all wore very neat badges.

Henry Hovel, Chairman of the Arrangement Committee, after a month or two hard work, looked gratified to find his labors had met with such success, as did also his assistants, Messrs. Chas. E. Green, D. Minihan, Chas. Schindler and Jas. Ryer.

President Juhring and wife made it agreeable for all concerned, and had a pleasant word for all they conversed with.

While the lovers of dancing occupied the floor, those not thus engaged were sipping lemonade, quaffing lager beer, and amusing themselves in various other ways.

Boss McConville shook your hand, if he knew you, winked, and said "come on," and of course everybody went with him.

Mrs. Guss, who came all the way from St. Louis to take in the Home Excursion, also enjoyed the picnic in companies with Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf and Mrs. Keitt, and together they had a merry time of it.

Ed. Left hit the target twice in the afternoon, and through the evening impressed everybody he was from Chicago.

Uncle Jim O'Neil had such a good time on the excursion, he forgot to bring that young miss with the dancing blue eyes, who occupied so much of his attention on the Long Branch, and hence he attended the picnic alone.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pownall were present, and with Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, talked housekeeping and politics over one of the tables that ran around the pavilion.

"Genial" Tom Godfrey looked rather tired, but his eyes brightened up after counting out the receipts, which reached some thirty or forty dollars, so he says. He holds the position of Chief Mogul of the Money Department of the Society, and has a strong antipathy for boodlers.

Tom Brown smiled so he staggered folks, which was due to the fact he brought with him a diamond of 18

carat calibre, encased in the finest quality of brass.

The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Stengle, Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Schindler, Mrs. Ryer, the Misses McConville, Miss Luckas, Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Jr., and Messrs. Soper, McClelland, Senior, Lyons, Porter, Capelli, Mahoney, Charlton, and dozens of others whose names appear so often in these columns we fear you get tired of them.

By midnight, the park had assumed its aspect, and was left to its army of mosquitoes, to do as thought best, fight it out among themselves by biting each other, or make their way further eastward in search of warmer blood, and the last deaf-mute picnic of the year was over, though there is every likelihood of private affairs springing up before September ushers in cooler weather.

SNOOKS.

Obituary.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It is with very sad regret that I write that Mrs. Nellie F. Blodgett, wife of Mr. Frank P. Blodgett, is no more. She died of consumption, on July 20th, at half past four o'clock p.m., after several days of sickness. She has left behind her, a husband and a baby of about two weeks old.

Her funeral took place at the residence of Mr. Blodgett's mother, in Nashua, on Friday, July 22d, at two o'clock p.m. Rev. H. B. Smith, Pastor of the Pearl Street Universalist Church, officiating.

"The flowers presented were: 'Gates Ajar,' by her shopmates, with the word, 'Nellie,' inserted on the gate with a dove on the flowers. Two baskets of flowers and some water lilies were put on the white casket, and also some wreaths of flowers in the parlor.

Six deaf-mutes were present at the funeral, and also some of the deceased's relatives, and about fifty friends.

The pall-bearers were all deaf-mutes—Messrs. E. R. Gay, E. H. French, F. C. Damon and V. B. Wright.

The remains of Mrs. Blodgett were buried in the Hollis Street Cemetery. Peace to her ashes.

She was born, November 27th, 1862, in Barrington, N. H. She went to Hartford School in 1874, and stayed there for five years. She was married to Mr. Frank P. Blodgett, of Nashua, in Rochester, N. H., December 28th, 1883, and lived in Nashua until her death at the age of twenty-five years.

She always looked cheerful, and she was very kind to her friends and acquaintances in various ways.

May the God of all hope sustain her widower in this his hour of sorrow, and comfort him with the hope of a reunion with her in the Heavenly Land, where death and parting are unknown.

VARNUM B. WRIGHT.

Appeal.

The deaf-mutes residing within my missionary district, comprising the dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Chicago, Springfield, Quincy, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Fond du Lac, are requested to devote offerings towards the work on next Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, (August 28th.) Increased offerings are needed to meet the growing calls for the church's services in sign-language. My expenses last year were over \$500, towards which the deaf-mutes gave about \$135. My twelfth year closed on the first of the present month. Offerings may be sent to me at 82 Woodland Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

July 25, '87. A. W. MANN.

ALABAMA NEWS.

H. V. Owens, of Greenville, went to Montgomery on the 5th of April. He is working with I. L. Strauss at shoemaking.

ENGLAND.

(Special Correspondence for the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.)

LONDON, ENGLAND, July 23, 1887.

MR. HODGSON.—
DEAR SIR:—Yesterday there came to me a package of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and need I say that they were a welcome messenger? Somehow, our hearts thrill with pleasure when we get hold of one of our own American newspapers, and then we were glad to read of our mute friends, rejoicing with those who were happy and gay, sorrowing with those who were sad, lonely and bereft of those dear to them. Our friends will yet see that we are still in London, paying our respects and homage to the place and the people. So many things to see and hear that we have not hastened our departure, for one city well-explored is preferable to many, only looked at. Besides, the extreme heat compels us to be more quiet than otherwise we would be.

Mr. Wise left for France last night, so if we get good reports, we may follow after. Even in London, business men need rest of body and brain, and a banking-house is not the very best place to keep up strength's vitality all the year round, even if it is a good place to make money in. So we all wished him a good time and let him go. Our return passage is taken on the same ship (the Germanic), we sail on the 7th of September. So if all things go right, we hope to reach the port of New York on or about the 16th. London is now growing quiet. Many who can, leave for seaport towns and watering places, and yet, there can be more comfort taken when the crowds are less. This year all living has cost more than usual, on account of it being the Jubilee year, so great has been the demand. Never was London more crowded, so trade has been good, and hotels filled and all places of amusements well patronized. Sunday mornings, all who can, attend church. I was much surprised to see the people through the streets from the highest to the lowest. Each one to their favorite of worship, and yet on this sacred day, men, boys and women are calling out strawberries, radishes, tomatoes—screaming out, even while the peals of the organ are ringing out their notes of praise, as if one was vying with the other, who could make the most noise. This we do not have in America, so our observance of the day of rest I like much the best. I will not tire your patience out, as you have so many items of interest that a lengthy letter might crowd out other and more interesting news. So with a heart brimful of good wishes for the JOURNAL, its Editor and its readers, I ever remain,

Fraternally Yours,
Dr. E. M. GRAY.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

JOSEPH ZUMRO THROWN OUT OF HIS WAGON BY A RUNAWAY TEAM AND ALMOST INSTANTLY KILLED.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 24:—Joseph Zumro, a farmer, living near Joseph Shoe Lake, and who was well known in this city, met with a fearful death last Thursday afternoon. He had driven up from his house in the morning, and about two o'clock started for home in his wagon. As he was driving slowly down Fourth Street, one of Burlington's heavy trucks drawn by a team of runaway horses, came tearing down the street at a furious pace. Mr. Zumro was deaf and dumb and could not hear the approach of them, and when near Messian Street, the pole of the truck ran into his wagon, throwing him about five feet in the air. He fell on the pavement, and the horses stepped on his head and the wheels of the truck passed over his body. When he was picked up, he was unconscious and was a fearful sight to behold. His lower jaw was broken in two places; both wrists were broken; his face was terribly bruised, and two lumps, as large as pigeon eggs, made their appearance over his eyes. He was laid on a cot. Dr. Loeb attended him. A severe concussion of the brain was sustained, however, and the injured man died in less than half an hour without recovering consciousness for a moment. The body was taken to Sidenfaden's Undertaking Rooms, and an inquest will be held this morning at nine o'clock.

Mr. Zumro formerly lived just below the Catholic Cemetery, where he owned a large farm and has many friends in the city. He was about fifty-seven years of age, and leaves a wife and family.

The runaway team had been left standing in the rear of McKinney, Hundley & Walker's establishment, the driver having neglected to tie them, and becoming frightened, dashed down the alley to Felix Street and up Felix Street to Fourth, where they turned. It was reported last night that Mrs. Zumro would bring suit against Burlington, the accident having been through the carelessness of the driver.

Yours,
JOSEPH SCHLEICHER.

A Coming Calamity.

A young electrician of Fernbach, O., has invented a trumpet to be used for telephoning to, by which it is possible to hear conversation in an ordinary tone of voice, four and a half miles. It is stated that people sitting at their windows or on their porches a mile away conversing in an ordinary tone, can be distinctly heard. We must protest against the privacy of the world being destroyed in this manner. The fellows and girls will have to learn the deaf-mute alphabet, or given up courting altogether, which would be a national calamity.—Springfield Union.

NEW YORK

Galludet Home Excursion.

THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND.

The "Home" Delighted All.

1,200 EXCURSIONISTS.

Notes of the Day.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The majority of the people of New York were still wrapt in peaceful slumber on the morning of July 26th, when a young man in a light blue suit, lawn tennis shirt, slouch hat, and patent leather shoes, might have been seen making his way towards the foot of East 23d Street, as if his fortune depended upon the swiftness of his legs.

Reaching the dock, he ejaculated to himself, "By Gawge! Am I left?" Hardly. But having been so much enthused with the Galludet Home Excursion the night before, it did not to him his timepiece needed winding, and the consequence was he found himself on time two hours earlier than necessary.

Just then the steamer showed her bow, and a few seconds later had made fast to the dock. Then followed scampering of feet, a rustle of dresses, and intermingled with the shrill shrieks of passing steam-tugs and ferryboats, the still shriller notes of the ticket takers: "Show your tickets! Be lively now!" which was kept up for half an hour, some five hundred people had shown their tickets and passed over the gang plank.

A few late-comers were warned by a shriek from the whistle of the Long Branch, they were to take the boat on the other side of the city, and the steamer having cast off her lines, steamed down the East River, around the Battery and up the North River to West 21st Street.

Here some delay was caused by a hay barge, having made fast to the dock previous. The gang plank had to be passed over the upper dock, another from the dock to the top of the hay barge, and by twenty-five minutes past nine over seven hundred men, women, and children, had been added to the passengers, and spread themselves like bees all over the steamer.

A messenger was dispatched with a telegram to Wappinger's Falls. The Long Branch cleared her ropes, and giving a snort and shrill scream, began her longest trip of the season, up the Hudson to the Galludet Home at Poughkeepsie.

The forward deck was soon cleared, Prof. Sause's men struck up a lively tune, and before the steamer had gone half a mile, there were wheeling in graceful motion some forty couples. Some were deaf, others could hear, but all enjoyed it the same. The sun was shining brightly. No pleasanter place could be wished for by any body.

In the saloon, on the upper deck, and other parts of the steamer, old friends were renewing old times, new friends were chatting away gayly, and everybody had a smile for everybody else. Others were settling down for a good view of the Hudson's beautiful scenery, while still others were making love thus early in the day.

The trip up the river was a delightful one. Nothing happened to mar the enjoyment of those on board until a little above Newburgh, when a slight shower sent down a cooling rain, but passed away as quickly as it came.

A few minutes before three the boat was made fast to the dock, and all started up the grove for the Home. Basket parties were heavily laden. The gang-plank was once again set to rights, and the stream of 1,200 excursionists made their way to the Home grounds, up a shaded walk. Some strayed by the wayside, but the majority followed the majority. Those that were minus their lunch, found plenty prepared at the Home, and for a time everybody was busy appeasing their appetites, which was made unusually sharp by the long sail, and cool breeze that floated over the Long Branch as she steamed up the Hudson.

A general tour of inspection followed, and every one was most emphatic in declaring it was a beautiful place occupied by the Galludet Home for Deaf-Mutes.

For two hours the time thus passed, a thinning out of the crowd near the Home, a filling up of the Long Branch, and by a quarter to five, the Long Branch had cleared the wharf. A waving of hats, handkerchiefs from both the boat and on shore, and the trip homeward began.

All went as merry as a marriage bell until near the starting point, when the lighting began to flash, the thunder to roar, and on reaching West 21st Street the rain came down with a vengeance. But what cared the excursionists. The Galludet Home Excursion was a thing of the past. An event that proved most enjoyable, and the largest excursion of deaf-mutes that ever left New York.

The Committee had done their work. They knew there would be growing after it was over. The imposition of taxing folks 75 cents for

their tickets on the dock was no imposition at all. All who attended are readers of the JOURNAL. The Committee gave two months' notice of the change in the price on the dock in the excursion advertisement.

Of course, the committee are held responsible for the quality of the eatables and drinkables dispensed on the boat? But to anybody acquainted with an excursion of this character, is there one who can say this part of the programme can be so arranged as to suit the taste of the man that dines at Delmonico's or some like place, and the other that deals with a much less pretensions result.

Altogether, considering the long sail, the warm day, and the fact that the event was not under the direction of any special society, the Galludet Home Excursion was an occasion long to be remembered, and the receipts from the boat alone, having this early reached some \$400, is something to be well satisfied with.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Capt. Francisco took the Galludet Club Excursion to Iona Island. To him and the first mate is credited the fact there were at least 1,200 on board.

Assistant Treasurer Soper was up early, worked hard, and had little time to enjoy the company of his escort, who looked sad, but said it was all for charity.

Committeeman Barnes was among the first corners at East 23d St. His face said he had business in hand, and he attended to it as if one of Uncle Sam's watchers was guarding him in the Money Order Department of the Post Office.

Floor manager Bob Power conducted his duties to the satisfaction of all. And showed his wisdom in arranging the dances so the whole number would



THE GALLUDET HOME FOR DEAF MUTES, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

not be run out before the excursion reached home. He was accompanied by his young and pretty wife.

Assistants Porter and Donohue vied with each other in lending him aid, and seeing who could capture the prettiest girl on the boat. In the last respect the latter won, but it was at an awful "Price!"

Of the Floor Committee let it be said they did good service, but there having so many, we can only say the absent one, Alex. L. Pach, was missed by every body.

And the Reception Committee, too, knew their business and did it with strict attention. Who did best, would be hard to say.

Then the Galludet Club had a full quorum. There was no meeting, unless perhaps a meeting of those who had not seen each other since the last meeting.

Pennsylvania sent a large delegation; there being Revs. Messrs. Syle and Koehler, Messrs. Zeigler, Elwell, Arms, Reider, Allabough, Roberts, "Wash." Houston, Edwards, Blankensee, and Miss Julia Foley, who was accompanied by her brother-in-law.

Connecticut, too, sent Miss Loomis, of Bridgeport, Mrs. Soaman, Misses Miller and Axt, and Messrs. Livingstone, Brophy, Manger and Parsons.

Miss Fullman came from Rome, N. Y., Marshall O. Roberts, from the District of Columbia, Mrs. Jackson from Massachusetts, Rev. Job Turner from Virginia, Charles Kerney from Indiana, and Mr. Newell from Goshen, N. Y.

The C. L. & B. U. were largely represented. President Russell and his occasional wife seemed to enjoy the occasion, and shook hands with everybody on the boat.

Dr. Galludet smiled benignly on all, had a cheery word for every body, and appeared greatly pleased over the success of the affair.

Mrs. Bailey, the Misses Foland, Mrs. S. M. Brown and several other ladies took extra pains to have a first-class lunch ready. They were ably assisted by Phil Tobin, and we hope their efforts met their expectations, as they richly deserve the highest credit.

Jim Donnelly and wife, Johnny Lloyd and wife, Misses Finn, Nellie Kelly, Andy Capelli and several others were unable to sit still all day, which was regretted, as they needed a rest.

"Copyrighted" Guggenheimer was the centre of many admiring glances, and took them as they came with a serene smile.

"Viscount" Rose and Fred Meinken were on hand. They left next day for Lake George.

Tom Holland entertained Miss Nellie Power right royally, and after her many other young ladies.

Pcet Le Clercq remained at Home to take the train, viz: *Morning Journal and World* office. We understand there was a "smash up" in the latter office, though happily no lives were lost.

A basket, three chip-looking little ones, and Mrs. W. A. Bond, with politics and several other topics under discussion, is how the "Irrepressible" enjoyed himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts were there. The former viewed the walls of Sing Sing with a sad look, while the latter chaperoned a young miss from Connecticut.

At the Home, a presentation by the German Society of a crayon portrait of Rev. Thos. Hopkins Galludet was a pleasing incident.

Sam McClelland made hay while the sun shone, and it is said there is to be—Next Fall.

"Hickory" Hicks proved the crack shot. He beat the great European traveler, and now the championship is held by Long Island.

Joe and Morton Sonneborn escorted the Misses Walker and lady friend, who all enjoyed themselves in a quiet manner.

The Brooklyn Society did not fail to be well represented. All the members were there. President Juhring accompanied his wife. The former passed his time in the company of a cigar, and it is said consumed some sixty through the day. The latter talked over old times with young and old friends.

Tom Godfrey, for once, could not assist his right hand man, as his duties were too engrossing to permit of such. However, he enjoyed himself.

George Lucas is still George L. Reynolds, and stands little chance of changing his, or giving his name to another.

A grip like a bear, and we shook hands with Jack Dundon. A brunette with ravishing eyes engaged his attention most of the day.

Charles Vetterlein, Catcher Scott, Tom Heydon and several others, dis-

cussed the victories of the one-time Hudsons, and were thus deeply engrossed on most of the trip up and down the river.

Henry Stengale and wife and their pretty little son made merry with old schoolmates, and the baby enjoyed herself to her heart's content.

Charles Bryan and wife also brought baby, a bright little toddler of two or three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Jersey City, also accompanied the excursion with their little son, who can talk wonderfully in the sign-language.

Miss Caddie B. Felver passed most of the day on the forward deck with Miss Jessie Fitzpatrick and her escort Eugene Reilly, and danced all the lancers on the first part of the programme.

Miss Edith and Annie Austin were accompanied by their father and mother. They made themselves entertaining to all they were acquainted with.

Miss Sadie Keeler and her cousin of articulation fame, had a pleasant word for her old friends and pupils.

Of the others present, we would be pleased to give the names of each and all, but to do so, and give them correctly, is a task we did not undertake to fulfill, considering there were 1,200 names to be given.

We deem it necessary to make known an unprovoked and cowardly assault; that occurred on the trip homewards just after sundown, on a gentleman who is highly respected and esteemed by all who know him. It appears that a discussion arose between a mute named Geary, of Jersey City, and several would be "toughs" of New York City, on base ball matters. These latter, finding they were losing the game, also lost their heads and let out in true Sullivan style. From then until the dock was reached, they were full of fight, and made unprovoked assaults on several who endeavored to quiet them. That their assaults were cowardly was proved from the way they retreated. If one struck a person and he retaliated the whole crowd would pitch in, and for a time, there was the greatest excitement among the ladies. The gentleman we refer to, was most brutally struck in the face by several of them at the same time, without the least provocation. Were it not for an unwillingness on his part, the assailants would have found themselves behind prison bars. The ring leaders should be known. They were Messrs. Rosencker and Reininger, and it would be well for mute societies in general, as the only means to put a stop to such disgraceful conduct on the part of those who seek to create a disturbance at deaf-mute entertainments, to refuse them admittance to any they may hold, which will be a means of making respectable people feel safe, and thereby tend to increase instead of diminishing the popularity of deaf-mute entertainments. MONTAGUE TIGG.

LOWELL.

Grand Union Basket Picnic.

A MERRY TIME AT WILLOW DALE.

July 26th dawned bright and beautiful, with now and then little black clouds floating along the horizon threatening to dampen the spirits and blight the hopes of the picnicers. But nature kindly kept the rain back, so that our enjoyments might be fully realized.

The first barge containing the Lowell mutes, started from the northern depot at 7.30 a.m., for Willow Dale, a distance of four miles, to be in readiness to extend their welcome to the mutes from Boston and vicinity to this famous resort. Other barges soon followed in quick succession, as each train thundered into the depot bringing its freight of living souls. All were eager for a happy time. Their faces glowed with glad expectations of meeting old friends they had so long parted with, and their determination to spend the day profitably.

As each barge entered the gate to the ground, they were greeted with waving of handkerchiefs by the "fair sex," and hand-shakings, and expressions of hats by the "sterner sex."

Immediately those who brought their lunch baskets with them were disposed of, and checked in a room provided for the purpose, under the charge of Mr. Howard H. Mayberry, of Lowell.

After that, they resorted to various amusements. Upon arrival of the Committee of the Picnic, Mr. George C. Sawyer made his way through the crowd to the platform. After welcoming, in a clean speech, the mutes, he made known to them the program, as planned by the committee. Mr. Sawyer then informed the "silent public," that those desirous of having their groups, etc., taken, could do so by consulting Mr. Ransald Douglas, the celebrated deaf-mute photographer. Mr. Douglas then stepped to the platform, and informed them where to have their groups taken. About eleven a.m., the Boston and Lowell mutes with their friends from adjoining vicinities repaired to the spot as directed by Mr. D. Quick, as if my magic the whole sea of humanity disappeared to the place, and in a few minutes than it takes to describe, all were in readiness and in perfect harmony. Then the camera was set to work, and its formidable mouth was pointed towards them, and immediately closed and as quickly opened and the operation was over. The crowd then dispersed for a tour of exploration in the Dale. Others went in search of pond lilies, some to talk over old times, some on politics, love affairs, and may we whisper some to win the hearts and hands of some fair ones, to receive the dreaded word "no," or the glad one "yes."

Finally signs of approaching hunger were manifested, and they began unloading the eatables and whiled the hours away in masticating their food, talking, etc. Intoxicating liquors were conspicuously absent. A more orderly crowd never was seen at Willow Dale.

It should not be forgotten that Messrs. Holmes and McNeil worked like beavers among the Boston mutes, to secure their full attendance at the Grand Union Basket Picnic at Willow Dale. That their success was not futile, could be seen by the large gathering of mutes there.

Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer comes in for a share of praise by those who know him best. For the past month he never left a stone unturned till he had achieved success both to Lowell and Boston. The committee have all done nobly, and too much could not be elicited in their praise. We very much doubted if our picnic could have passed through the medium of success both financially and socially, but for hard work of the Committee having the picnic in charge. All thanks and praise be due to Messrs. Sawyer, Holmes and McNeil.

A game of baseball was then held at three o'clock, between the Boston and Lowell mutes, resulting in favor of the latter by a score of 18 to 9. Mr. French was Captain for the Lowells, while Mr. Jellison acted in like capacity for the Bostons. Mr. Frisbee umpired the game.

Owing to some reluctance on the part of several mutes to participate, no tub race on the beautiful lake came off. There was boat racing for cash prizes by the ladies at 5 p.m. The winners were Miss Hines, of Halifax; Mrs. G. A. Holmes, of Boston; and Mrs. G. D. Abbott, of Lowell.

We are requested by the committee to tender their thanks to the aids who have rendered them such serviceable assistance, and furthermore, to say that without them, they could accomplish nothing. The aids have denied themselves of pleasures, so that the burden of the committee might be lightened. But in this case, and under the circumstances we think the committee have rendered their aids greater service than they deserved for their courtesy, forbearance and encouragement, were the aids able to carry out their wishes. The aids also wish us to tender to the committee, their sincere thanks for their courtesy and gentlemanly kindness. VERA LA BOSTON and Lowell.

HUBBIE, JR.

Lowell Picnic Notes.

Done.
Financial success.
One hundred and ninety-five paid admission fees.

Through Prof. H. C. White's efforts, over fifteen persons from Beverly and Salem attended. The Committee wishes him to accept their sincere thanks for kindness, and also regretted that they had only a shorter day at the picnic than the others, owing to the time-table of the railroad between Salem and Lowell.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, the President of the New England Galludet Association and Treasurer of the New England Galludet Fund, was present at the picnic, and spoke of the picnic as one of the most behaved set of people he ever saw.

Mr. J. T. Keefe, a prominent dealer in boots and shoes of Bellows Falls, Vermont, and a self-made man in that business, took the pleasure of traveling a long distance to Boston, and accompanied his friend, Miss Hurley, to the picnic.

The picnic was largely represented by Mr. McNeil's friends, belonging to a Catholic Society in Boston, and also by the Cambridge Society.

Mr. Ransald Douglas was the happiest man at the picnic for he did the twice as much business as he expected. His proofs, already received, were all successful. He being encouraged in that way, has been seriously thinking of coming back to Lowell to take pictures at other places. Go ahead, Ransald, you will find your business more profitable in Lowell than any other place of its size.

In consideration of the Galludet Club, we hope the picnic in New York was a grand success, and we also do earnestly hope that that picnic will turn out a large sum of money for the "Home."

Picnic days have gone, and here come the dog days. No muzzles yet for the dogs, but still you had better look out for them or you will not be able to come to our next picnic.

HUBBIE.

Happenings in Michigan.

DON'T YOU KNOW?—WHAT ARE THEY DOING?—ACCIDENT ON THE RAILROAD.—PERSONAL NOTES, ETC.

When the July sunlight dances on the bosom of the stream,
And the lilies, star-like, 'mong the olive sedge gleam,
When the bull frog seeks the cover of grasses tall and rank,
And the lazy pickerel hovers 'neath the shadow of the bank,
Then the Michigan boy goes swimming in the costume of the mode
That was worn by fair Godiva when through Coventry she rode.
He splashes in the limpid stream with many a gleeful shout,
And to the bank returning puts his shirt on inside out,
And when his mother sternly asks: "How came that garment so?"
He looks up in mild surprise, and says he doesn't know.
He promises to give a cause this reason he employs:
"I must have turned a somersault when fooling with the boys."

Just at this time, the JOURNAL's esteemed cotemporaries are devoting a large amount of space and intellectual effort to midsummer snake stories, which are now apparently more popular with the masses than the old style Etruscan fish life. With the view of assisting its publishers in keeping the paper in the front rank for enterprise, "Conejos" has this week impregnated himself with a large number of startling occurrences in Michigan, some of the least complicated of which are given below.

For instance: While Letitia Jane, the daughter of Farmer Higgs, of Delhi, was working over the forenoon's churning on the front porch among the morning glories, last Wednesday, a meadow snake came out of the woodpile, crawled up the porch post, and gently began to braid the young lady's hair, which, for the sake of coolness, she had allowed to hang down her back. The snake passed caressingly over her left shoulder when the task was completed and after greedily swallowing a small lump of golden butter which Letitia offered it, disappeared. Next day, it returned and braided her sister's hair in the same manner. Now when the Higgs girls want their hair done up, they simply lean up against the post, hold up a lump of butter, and the snake quickly appears.

The little son of Deacon Felch, of Okemos, lost the elastic with which his stocking was fastened up, the other day in the woods, and after the boy had made several fruitless attempts to keep the stocking in place with beech withes, a larger garter snake wriggled out of the bushes and wound itself tightly around the boy's leg, just above his knee. The snake lingered affectionately about the Felch home that evening, and next morning while the Deacon was kicking his his boot desperately against the doorsteps in an awful effort to draw it on, the snake appeared again glided softly around his neck, and took hold of one boot strap with its teeth and the other day with its tail. Then with a quick muscular contraction it drew itself up and pulled on the Deacon's boot.

Ed. P. Ward was riding his bicycle along the Grand Lodge turnpike last Sunday, when the rubber tire suddenly flew off the rear wheel. Before he could stop the machine, a black snake that was lying in the road fitted its body in the groove of the wheel with wonderful sagacity, and remained there until the bicyclist arrived home.

Miss Grace Smith, of Lansing, does not go on a picnic this summer, because the birds in the woods fly down upon her arm and remain there perfectly helpless. They are charmed by her snake bracelet.

Anson Jekyl, living near Pine Lake, has a pet black snake and a hound, which frequently go hunting together. After the dog has treed a squirrel, the snake climbs the tree and dragging the game, strangles it and drops it down to its companion. The snake frequently brings in wild flowers from the woods and set them in a glass of water on the window sill, and goes down the well to fasten the bucket on when it gets off the rope.

Miss Angela Marvin, of Bunker Hill, has a tame snake that beats the eggs for the family frosted cake with its tail, and Miss Angela takes it with her for a shawl strap when she goes away from home.

PERSONALITIES.

John B. Wilbs, of Indianapolis, was in Lansing last week, the guest of Amos Hill and C. R. Barnett.

C. R. Barnett, who registers from Lansing, but is almost a citizen of Detroit, keeps on the shady side of the streets of the City of Straits this week.

Bert Winans, the popular barber of Corunna, is spending the week in Flint. Rumor is saying something about a fair maiden, a wedding and a bride; but of that Bert says nothing at all.

The three deaf-mute excursionists (we have not learned their names) to Detroit the other day, escaped a serious accident at Howell by a margin altogether too narrow for comfort. The engineer of the excursion train failed to stop at the switch, and his engine crashed into the West bound passenger, which was waiting on the main track for the other train to take the side-track. The pilots of both engines were smashed and headlights broken, but neither left the track. None of the passengers were injured aside from a general shaking up. The collision was due to the failure of the air brakes on the Eastbound train to work properly.

The mutes of Michigan are not falling back in their literary taste for reading. On the contrary, they are advancing in education, refinement and morality. The only good reason we can assign for the good mutes taking more interest in reading the JOURNAL than they do other papers and local puffs, is that the JOURNAL contains interesting facts, while the other papers are generally made up of fiction, intended to amuse children, and local puffs are only interesting to those who are puffed.

CONJUGES.

ITEMS FROM THE WEST.

Miss Arma Yates, of Glen Elder, Kas., has been visiting her classmate Miss Zora Mann, of Beloit, the past week.

On Sunday, July 11th, there was a very pleasant gathering of mutes at Miss Mann's home. Messrs. John Patton, Logan, Noah and George E. Root spent a few enjoyable hours talking of past events and ruefully regretting that our foresight was not as good as our hindsight.

Mr. Patton will not go to school again, having determined to stop.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Reed, of Waterville, Kas., are grand parents, now their oldest daughter gave birth to a son, June 27th. They are very happy over the event.

Miss Maude Hazen, of Frankfort, Kas., is spending her vacation at home. She has pleasant times, and expects to graduate in two years from the Olathe Institution.

Miss Winnie Emmerson, of Afton, Ia., has been visiting her friends in Creston, the past two weeks, and enjoyed her visit very much.

Miss Flora Evans, of Delphos, will not attend school again this fall. She perhaps will contemplate getting a teacher for life in the near future.

Daniel Johnson, of Fall City, Neb., is getting very aged, being 72 years old. He still continues to peddle books, and support his family. He thinks he will live as long as his father, who died at the age of 105 years.

Richmond, Va.

Last week we had a spell of the most red-hot weather ever known in the history of Richmond. The thermometer stood 106. Several persons died from the effects of the heat. A few days afterwards we have had a heavy storm of rain, thunder, and lightning.

The father of Master George and Miss Virginia Tucker died from the effects of the heat on Monday of last week. They have our deepest sympathy.

On the same day, my aunt died of apoplexy, resulting from heat. She was sick only two hours. She was my mother's sister.

Mr. Leo Raum, of Covington, Ky., was in the city, in search of employment, last week. He has gone to Baltimore.

Master Marcellus Laube is at present spending the summer in the country, about ninety miles from this city.

